As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To euill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men:

Her face the book
Nothing but curi
Sorrow were euer
Could neuer be he
You Gods that ma
That haue enflam'
To taſte the fruite
(Or die in the adu
As I am ſonne and
To compaſſe ſuch
Anti. Prince *Pe*
Per. That would
Anti. Before th
With golden fruit
For death like Dra
Her face like heau
Her countleſſe glo
And which withou
Preſumes to reach
Yon ſometimes fa
Drawne by report
Tell thee with ſpe
That without coue
Heere they ſtand m
And with dead che
For going on dearl
Per. *Antiochus* I
My fraile mortality
And by thoſe feare
This body, like to
For death rememb
Who tels vs, life's b
Ile make my will th
Who know the wo
Gripe not at earthly
So I bequeathe a h
And all good men,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.